

Rt. 7, Frederick, Md. 21701:::301/473-8166

12/1/67

Dear Both,

My reason for telling you some of the things that may preclude our visit is ~~xxxx~~ so you'd know it is possible that, despite our real desire, we may not be able to make it. In actuality, the only serious prospect that I can anticipate is weather. We have been snowed in for two days. Today the fuel-oil truck came (marvelous!) We didn't need oil, but he broke a track through the snow for me! and, in case we get a spell of really bad weather, we do have a full tank. The other things are not likely that close to Ames. I have discovered a tremendous file of film that I'll try and take a day or two to examine right after Ames.

Breaking me a path through the snow enabled me to get the special typewriter Lili uses in retyping manuscripts repaired. Now I have her nice grindstone again. She has done about 3/4 of POST MORTEM: SUPPRESSED KENNEDY AUTOPSY. I'll then have it ready in case I can run the financial risk of publication. I'm dealing with a rather irresponsible publication in the hope of getting enough from partial pre-publication rights to finance it.

Don't joke about the volume of my work. Thinking of it exhausts me all over again(I stay that way). It will equal Gibbon in volume, if not quality. And I do think it will be more important to society right now and in the immediate future. I have done all the basic work. You do not have to wait for the future free use of my work. It is current and repeated.

Even Max Lerner has reduced the number of his shoulders to merely four to say something nice. He was kind of elliptical, fearing a direct compliment. He used the word "delight" at some of what he found and said of two of the things I did that they "are the stuff of great documentary literature...that puts all the hep-cat novelists to shame." But if my published output impresses you, wait until I tell you about my correspondence! I am determined to leave a record of the total abdication of the intellectuals, of the legal and journalistic professions. The letter I like best is to a fine writer who is only a little crooked. After reading his introduction to a cheap transparency of my work by a so-called professor of philosophy (they are the worst crooks of all!) and attributing to him everything I did and everything nobody had yet done, I wrote: "Dear Murray Kempton, When Richard Popkin blunders into a whorehouse, may we expect ~~Richard Popkin~~ Murray Kempton to proclaim that Richard Popkin has discovered sex." Kempton has since been silent. The professor of law at UCLA distributed against me, with only evasions and non sequiturs in the Berkeley campus paper. I wrote them commending them on their achievement on recording the transformation of Wesley J. Liebeler from the fox who had had himself hired to guard the chicken house to the pig who had been stuck. (He got the University to subsidize his "both sides" study of the "sport he helped write. The Chancellor has yet to reply to my question, "Didn't we pay him to do this on the Warren Commission?"). So, there is a little fun in it, too.

Please, no special trouble. We'd like to leave the morning of 12/23, getting there in the afternoon. After the affair the next day, we'd go back to Wilmington and return home from there, either Ames or the next day. It is only a three-hour trip from there. However, I'd like a suggestion from you on the best way via the Kennedy Highway. Go into Jersey and cross back or how? And I do not eat as heavily as you eye would suspect. So please, Betty, do not knock yourself out. We, too, are looking forward to seeing you.

Sincerely,